

between the two Georges, Eliot and Sand—
 the French-
 woman, buffeting her way so recklessly
 through life,
 breaking her heart, tearing her reputation
 to shreds; and
 yet at least learning life at first hand,
 discovering about
 herself truths that only experience can
 handle, an in-
 tensely vital person, not a churchyard
 angel: while the
 English writer, with all her humour, her
 sympathy, her
 conscientious emancipation, keeps always a
 touch of the
 governess about her—we can hear her so
 well discussing
 God, Immortality, and Duty, and
 pronouncing 'with
 terrible earnestness how inconceivable was
 the first, how
 unbelievable the second, and yet how
 peremptory and
 absolute the third'. Emily Bronte, indeed,
 was not sub-
 dued (what, indeed, could have subdued
 here) to the
 atmosphere she worked in; Hardy could
 write about an
 English county with the breadth of a
 Continental mind,
 until he was silenced by the howlings that
 saluted *Jude the*
Obscure; and yet even amid the licence of
 today, as we
 have seen, a writer like D. H. Lawrence is
 impelled to
 scribble moral tags across his most vivid
 painting. It is the
 curse of English literature that so
 perpetually its finest
 harmonies have been accompanied by die
 cracked bell of
 some Salem or Ebenezer; that its Muse has
 so persistently
 imitated the fat white woman seen from the
 train in Mrs.
 Cornford's poem, stumping through the
 summer mead-

ows and armed against the languorous airs
of June in the
irreproachability of gloves.

This intellectual passion of the French,
their disinter-
ested desire, not to approve or condemn,
but to under-
stand, with the detachment of the naturalist
towards the
scorpion, of Shakespeare towards Iago—it is
this that most
of Shakespeare's countrymen, especially
since the Puritan
Revolution, have sadly lacked. Taine has
pointed out the
contrast between Balzac's study of Valerie
Marneffe and